

THE

1489. d. 27.

SIXTEENTH

OF

HORACE.

BOOK III.

IMITATED.

*Address'd to the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Percival.*



LONDON:

Printed for J. Huggonson, in Sword-and-Buckler-Court,  
Ludgate-Hill, 1741.



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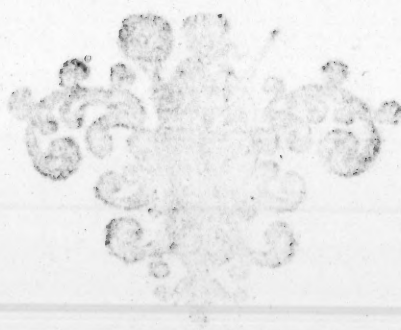
OF

BOOK III

LIMITED



Addressed to the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Percival



LONDON:

Printed by J. Hargreaves in Strand and Bucklers Court  
Finsbury Hill 1741



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H O R A C E's O D E 16, Lib. 2.

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I M I T A T E D.

**F**OR REST, my Lord, the Sailor prays,  
'Midst raging Winds, and roaring Seas;  
While Moon and Stars withhold their Light,  
And half the Globe is plung'd in Night;  
Or if loud Thunder shake the Deep,  
He fights, with *Haddock's* Crew to sleep.

Where Armies join in horrid Fray,  
And Death deforms the deep Array,  
Shew me the hardy Veteran there,  
Who does not wish for Quiet here;  
Shew me the Chief, who wou'd refuse  
To shine at *Britain's* gay Reviews,  
Should ----- or *Walpole* kindly mark  
His Post of Honour in *Hyde Park*.

For all the Dangers, Toils, and Strife,  
That cloud the *sprightly* Noon of Life,  
Are borne, that gentle Quiet may  
Shade the *mild* Evening of its Day.

Ev'n *Vernon*, if the Truth was known,  
In Death and Danger seeks Renown,

---

AD GROSPHUM. Ode 16, Lib. 2.

*Otium divos rogat in patenti  
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes  
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent  
Sydera nautis :*

*Otium bello furiosa Thrace,  
Otium Medi pharetra decori :  
Grosphæ, non gemmis, neque purpura ve-  
nale, nec auro,*

B

To



To taste the balmy Bliss, that grows  
Beneath the Down of sweet Repose.

O say, *Argyle*, for you can tell,  
If in the calm Retirement dwell  
Those Pangs and Cares, that once you knew,  
When *George's* Crown was sav'd by you?

Beneath the Star, the String, the Robe,  
The *Livery* of the ennobled Mob;  
Beneath whate'er can grace a King,  
Care points her sharp remorseless Sting.

Not all that brib'd a venal Train,  
To Vote a shameful Peace with Sp---n,  
Can calm the Conscience, or controul  
The teasing Tumults of the Soul:

Nor can the Guards, that watch a Throne,  
Bid Anguish and Remorse be gone;  
They hover o'er the rich Alcove,  
And dash the Draughts of guilty Love.

How happy he, who craves no more,  
Than what his Fathers had before;  
Who sees his frugal Meal prepar'd,  
Beneath the Roof his Fathers rear'd,  
Who from Ambition free'd and Strife,  
Seeks in the calm Retreats of Life

---

*Non enim gaze, neque consularis  
Summovet liſtor miſeros tumultus  
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum  
Teſta volantes.*

*Vivitur parvo bene cui paternum  
Splendet in menſa tenui ſalinum:*

What



What Nature craves, what Reason grants,  
 Then suits his Wishes to his Wants.  
 Who when the Sun goes down can say,  
 CONTENT, thou hast been mine to Day;  
 And when the smiling Morning breaks,  
 To all the Joys of Conscience wakes.

Haste, --- fly from *Thames* to *Tages* Shore,  
 'Count *Peterborough's* Labours o'er;  
 Beneath the *Tropics* Fervour glow,  
 Then shiver 'midst *eternal* Snow;  
 Not all the Sun's collected Rays  
 Can give the wounded Conscience Ease;  
 Not all the Frosts that bind the Pole  
 Can cool the *Fever* of the Soul.

Whence then thy Schemes, deluded Man,  
 This length'ning Chace in Life's short Span,  
 From Clime to Clime, from Shore to Shore,  
 Where Tempests sweep, or Billows roar,  
 You search for *Bliss*! --- Then, bustling Elf,  
 Change not thy Climate, but thyself.

Go, boast the M-----r thy Friend,  
 Then spurn at Virtue, and ascend  
 The giddy Pinacle of Power;  
 See *Houghton's* Plain, and *Richmond's* Bow'r:  
 The lonely Grove, the silent Vale,  
 Or bid thy Canvass catch the Gale.

---

*Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido  
 Sordidus aufert.*

*Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo  
 Multa quid terras alio calentes  
 Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul  
 Se quoque fugit?*



If all too weak to banish Grief,  
Fly to the Bottle for Relief.

Cares, rapid as a Whirlwind's Force,  
Outfly the Deer, outrun the Horse:  
Round the bright Coronet they twine,  
They sparkle in the generous Wine:  
They taint the Fragrance of the Breeze;  
They whisper thro' the waving Trees;  
And where the gilded Streamers fly,  
They swell the Breast, and prompt the Sigh.

The Friendly Gods, our purest Joy,  
Have mingled with a deep Alloy:  
Hence, springs the tender Tear, that flows  
In Anguish for another's Woes:  
Hence, when whate'er we wish we have,  
Still somewhat unenjoy'd we crave:  
And hence, wise Providence thy Will,  
Our Weakness mourns as partial Ill.

If then you hope for Joy refin'd,  
From ev'ry Lot of Human-kind,  
From future Woe, and present Pain,  
Believe me, that your Hope is vain;  
*Virtue* enjoys Life's chearful Ray,  
And *Wisdom* laughs its Gloom away.

*Scandit æratas vitiosa naves  
Cura: Nec turmas equitum relinquit,  
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbo  
Ocyor Euro.*

*Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est  
Oderit curare: & amara læto  
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni  
Parte beatum.*

*Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,  
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus,*

Young



Young *Sheffield* perish'd in his Bloom,  
 While *Selkirk* wither'd to his Tomb:  
 Heaven, as a *Curse* to me may lend,  
 The Years it has deny'd my Friend:  
 And I may live to plague the Town,  
 With Rhymes, when you, *my Lord*, are gone.

*St. John* from *Britain* exil'd flies,  
 While Nations from his Tongue grow wise;  
 And foolish *Balbus* swells while States  
 Are smit with Dullness as he prates:

No State so great, so pure no Place,  
 But Fools and Coxcombs may disgrace;  
 And soon, *A---le*, a beardless Boy,  
 May wield the Truncheon you enjoy.

In vain thy Spirit, Strength, and Ease,  
 Oh! *P----*y, warm, persuade, and please,  
 If one resistless Nod commands  
 The People's Purse, and Army's Hands.

See *P---* while *Britain's* Honours sink,  
 With *S-----* vote, with *S-----e* think;  
 And ev'ry Booby's Stuff prevails,  
 Where *S---* is crost, and *C-----* fails.

On *France*, protected Commerce pours  
 Her Riches from a thousand Shores;  
 While injur'd *B-----n* mourns in vain,  
 Her ravish'd Honours of the Main;

---

*Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,  
 Porriget hora.*

Her



Her Troops that o'er their Thunder sleep,  
 Her Fleets that peaceful Vigils keep;  
 Her S----e's venal Walls, that screen  
 The ten Years Infamy of K---.

Yet all is just, could Mortals see,  
 How with their End the Means agree,  
 Or trace the Pow'rs that guide the whole,  
 And bid the moral System roll.

'Tis your's Life's active Scenes to grace  
 With ev'ry Virtue of thy Race;  
 For Heaven with Wealth and Titles gave  
 Thee Soul to spend, and Sense to save.

To me, the Gods, severely kind,  
 A peaceful Dwelling have assign'd;  
 Some Sparks of Genius, and a Soul,  
 That hates a Knave, and loaths a Fool.

*Te greges centum Siculaeque circum  
 Mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit binitum  
 Apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro  
 Murice tincta.*

*Vestiunt lanæ: Mibi parva rura &  
 Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camæna  
 Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum  
 Spernere vulgus.*

**F I N I S.**





